

THE HOLBROOK NEWS

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Claire H. Jordan, Editor

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OUR STANDARD—Right, Truth, Justice in all our dealings with the public; political, social and industrial; a sense of responsibility to our constituency and our loyalty to the interests of Holbrook and Navajo county.

Too Much Santa Claus

Don't mistake us. Not too much of the ennobling spirit of Christmas, but perhaps too great a deification in the minds of the little ones, of that mythical northern spirit, Old Saint Nicholas, and too little impression made on their plastic young minds of the real significance of the day, the sacred birthday of Him, whose lowly cradle was that Bethlehem manger, in the long ago.

Once, a decade or so ago, a serious young teacher was seeking earnestly to explain to the little Apache children committed to her care, something of the meaning of Christmas. The little brown children had a very scanty vocabulary, and perhaps the young teacher, though deadly serious, was a trifle too young and eager and unsophisticated.

A big trimmed Christmas Tree stood in the corner of the school room sending its spicy, resin-laden odors thru the stuffy air and they could understand that, with its tinsel ornaments and bags of candy, and when she had told them the legend of Santa Claus and his reindeer, they shyly grinned, glancing at the tree and its gifts with whole-hearted approbation.

Then the girlish little teacher took up the soberer, sadder tale of the Wonder Child, who first opened his eyes within the lowly confines of a wayside stable. Because, perhaps, they liked the teacher, or perhaps because her own voice took on a stiller, quieter, more reverent note, the little brown babies sat very still, and looked straight at her with wide-open dark eyes, as though drinking it all in. At the end of the story the young teacher thought to drive the lesson home by a few questions, so she asked,

"Now children, whose birthday is Christmas?"

There was a long pause, and they all looked questioningly at the tree and then at the teacher as though they hoped to find the answer written in her face. At last little Paul Peaches, a chubby little bronze cherub, but one of the brightest in the room, waved a plump hand above his head and when the teacher asked again,

"Well, Paul, whose birthday is it?", he stammered out in hesitating accents,

"Santa Claus!"

The teacher collapsed wearily in her chair and thought ruefully of a wasted hour, but in spite of herself she had to laugh and when the children saw her lips curve, they laughed too, and the teacher began all over again.

Santa Claus is a jolly old soul and we wouldn't for words dis-believe in him, but it is much harder for the infantile mind to grasp the sweet significance of that humble birthday centuries ago, than it is to visualize this merry Old Saint. He is himself akin to the spirit of childhood, universal youth.

It is to the older folk that the children go for their stories, by which they learn so much that lies in store for them. This year when the children cluster round your knee on Christmas Eve tell them first the merry jingle of old Kris Kringle, but just before their drowsy eyes have closed in slumber, tell them also the sweet old story of the Christ Child's birth.

If You Were Santa Claus

Just suppose, as the old fairy tales used to begin, that you were Santa Claus, what would you enjoy most in the performance of your many Yuletide duties? We wonder now, which would be the most joyous task, which would leave with you a feeling of the deepest happiness.

Surely nothing could be jollier than, yourself of course unseen, to watch two roistering youngsters steal out of bed in the cold gray dawn of Christmas morning, and boisterously plunder two well stuffed stockings pendant from the mantel shelf.

Perhaps the quiet tear dropped on grandmother's hand as she tenderly caressed the folds of that soft white cashmere shawl as it fell from its wrappings of silver and tissue and thought with mixed feelings of pleasure and pain, the far off loved one whose gift it had been, perhaps if you were Saint Nicholas, this tribute of a crystal tear of joy would seem the greatest boon.

And then there would be the shabby little place where you left that heavily burdened market basket, its sides fairly bulging with Christmas Cheer, its well wrapped packages holding forth brave promises of tomorrows sizzling turkey and cranberries and fragrant mince pies. And when you, yourself, still unseen, caught a glimpse of the peaked little faces clustered around the table as the wondrous basket was made to disgorge its culinary treasures by that tired and shrinking little mother, and saw their eyes brighten and their cheeks color with glad anticipation, then indeed would you be glad that the substantial bundle resting by the market basket held a store

Petrificado's Note Book

* There is something peculiar about the California climate, seems to be able to cure any disease an Arizonian may fall heir to, but let a Missourian come here and it makes him so nauseous that he starts right in to justify the nick-name given his native state, which reminds me that

California is the land of gold and flowers

Of summer sun and wintry showers,
Where the Arizonians love to go
When the south winds begin to blow,
And the sand fills your house
from cellar to dome

And you forget that tune about
"Home Sweet Home"

Then you hop on No. Nine, along
about noon,
And hike for the land of the festive PRUNE

The anti-cat society of San Joaquin county has organized a new lodge at Burnham where we are now stationed which I understand is composed of Missourians mostly. Each member is required to keep from three to seven dogs and no member is allowed to keep a CATalogue. In the house CATHolic members must not say the CATEchism. The men are not allowed to run a CATapiller in fact everything is done DOGmatically and nothing CATEgorically.

There is a kind of wine Californians do not like namely: Wool WINE but did anybody ever see a brand of PRUNES they didn't like?

A flapperette in a kitchenette said I'd like to go out and play

With never a thought for the things that were brought to keep her in that day.

T'was Christmas time and the bells in chimes on the church old and gray

Were playing an air to the good and the Fair in the village across the way.

But the flapper began to fret, she said I don't see why, I have to stay here with mother as cross as a bear when I gotta date with a regular guy.

Out side her door the rich and the poor were joyfully passing along

Each one in their glee was happy and free and they made merry with story and song.

This little maid be it truthfully said was not so very slow For as sure as you are alive the kid was FIVE over a month ago!

Is it so her name you'd like to know, before I get thru I must confess I thought you could guess, why—Its Happy Donohoe.

Our Christmas

WHEN the shades of evening gather And the Christmas time is here, And you go home from your labor To enjoy the Christmas cheer—

When the Christmas tree is lighted And the children gather 'round, There is one thing must be present If the greatest joy is found.

There must be inner conscience Telling you with truthful voice That you've done something for someone That will help that one rejoice— Some poor stranger, widow, orphan, Someone that you did not owe. Ah, the gift need not be costly To relieve another's woe.

And the greatest gift at Christmas That a person ever received Was to know that through his efforts Someone's suffering was relieved; For the Master, on whose birthday All the Christmas gifts are given, Will see that act and send to him A Christmas gift from heaven.

—Thomas G. Andrews in Kansas City Star.

The Piper in the Subway

By Christopher G. Hazard

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

THERE is a contrast to the holiday atmosphere as one passes into the dark and damp underground way out of the great depot. A chill strikes upon the soul as well as upon the body. The passer hurries on to escape into the light and cheer of the street. He hugs his Christmas packages a little closer and tries to whistle himself into something like gaiety.

Suddenly he is startled and helped by the tones of a merry tune and discovers the old blind man who has long haunted the dismal place. For years this unfortunate has made it his one business to stand there and pipe up the failing spirits of travelers. His face has refused the marks of darkness and his soul has kept gladness behind its closed and curtained windows. As one stops to leave a token and a word of appreciation with him he says, "Thank you; I don't know as I ever did anybody any good; some people don't like it."

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—W. O. Morgan

Don't Forget THE BIG CHRISTMAS DANCE There Will Also Be A BIG MASQUERADE DANCE NEW YEARS EVE.

WE GIVE THE PUBLIC THE

Best of Goods
Lowest Prices
Satisfying Service

BABBITT BROTHERS
HOLBROOK WINSLOW

of warm and comfy clothing.

If you were Santa Claus would not this be the very greatest joy of all? Tell Old Saint Nicholas, take the message yourself, for he is a very busy old man and inclined to be forgetful at times, that there are several cases right here in Holbrook where he can get this joy out of giving. And if the Old Gentleman has too much on hand to do all ready, why don't hesitate, he won't mind at all, in fact he's quite accustomed to having imitators, just borrow his personality, fill up the basket and bundle and play you are Santa Claus yourself.

EYE TOO FANCY;
WANTS OLD ONE

Traveler Left "Everyday" Lamp in Hotel Room—Too Dressed Up With New One.

Newark, N. J.—An elderly man, who registered three weeks ago at a Newark hotel as John Mortimer Fortescue of Peoria, Ill., and who inadvertently left a glass eye in his room when he checked out a few days later, has written to Charles Carrigan, manager of the hotel, asking him to send on the eye if he could find it.

"It was unaccountably careless of me," writes Fortescue. "I cannot understand how I should have been so



Found the Eye.

thoughtless as to leave your hotel without checking over all my belongings, in which case I certainly would have missed the glass eye. It may have been misplaced, but I hope you can find it. I have been using another eye since I left your hotel, but as it is the eye I always have reserved for Sunday wear and dress occasions, I would like to have my other one back; I am too dressed up."

Carrigan's lost and found department had been saving Fortescue's glass eye. Carrigan, inclosing the eye, replied to Fortescue as follows: "We knew you would ask for the eye and we're sending it along. It is the first eye we have found since we established our bureau for lost articles."

"It may interest you to know that in the lost articles we have more palamas and nightgowns than anything else. We have several dozens of them, plain and fancy, and in all colors, left by guests. Somehow people forget them easier than anything else. In view of that I wouldn't feel bad about forgetting the eye."

Summons

In the Superior Court of the State of Arizona, in and for Navajo County.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of Arizona, in and for the County of Navajo, and the Complaint filed in said County of Navajo, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

W. W. Franklin, and Katie M. Franklin, Plaintiffs, vs. Pedro Montano and wife, State of Arizona, et al. Defendants.

In the Name of the State of Arizona, to Pedro Montano and wife, their unknown heirs, unknown successors in interest and unknown assigns; Manuel Montano, his unknown heirs, unknown successors in interest, and unknown assigns, Santiago Baca, his unknown heirs, unknown successors in interest, and unknown assigns, Frank W. Smith, his unknown heirs, unknown successors in interest, and unknown assigns; John Doe, his unknown heirs, unknown assigns, and unknown successors in interest; Richard Roe, his unknown heirs, unknown successors in interest, and unknown assigns; John Doe Company, its unknown heirs, unknown successors in interest, and unknown assigns. Referents.

GREETING: You are Hereby Summoned and required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the State of Arizona, in and for the County of Navajo, and answer the Complaint therein filed with the Clerk of this said Court, at Holbrook, in said County, within twenty days after the service upon you of this Summons, if served in this said County, or in other cases within thirty days thereafter, the times above mentioned being exclusive of the day of service, or judgment by default will be taken against you.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Arizona, in and for the County of Navajo, this 14th day of Dec. 1922.

(Seal) LLOYD C. HENNING,
Clerk of said Superior Court.
By OLIVE CLARKE, Deputy Clerk.
fD15 1J5.

DEAD GIRL'S FACE
SEEN IN MIRROR

Photographic Likeness Appears on Glass Nine Months After Death.

Shreveport, La.—At Campit, La., a photographic likeness of a girl, dead nine months, has appeared on the mirror of the room in which she was placed after her death, according to a report of the phenomenon by C. M. Cunningham, former state senator.

The girl was a member of the Trichel family, who lived about five miles from Campit. The body was laid in front of the mirror with a large bouquet clasped in the hands. Next day she was buried and the room has been occupied since that time by her older sister.

About a month ago, it was related, the sister was thrown into violent agitation when she saw what appeared to



A Likeness of Her Dead Sister.

be a likeness of her dead sister etched on the silver surface of the mirror. Gradually the likeness grew until from top to bottom of the mirror, a distance of 18 inches, the photograph is now complete. The girl appears with the bouquet clasped in the hands. The boards on which the body rested, also are clearly visible.

It is the accepted theory of local scientists that the photograph is the action of sunlight on the window panes and the silvered surface of the mirror, although so far as known there is no similar case on record. Some are inclined to believe it to be a divine manifestation.

The picture most closely resembles an old-fashioned daguerreotype and efforts to wash or rub it off the mirror, both from the front and back, have proved unsuccessful.

HAIR-EATING CHILD IS CURED

Stomach Trouble Goes as Mass 18 Inches Long Is Extracted From Girl.

Northampton, Mass.—What is said by surgeons to be one of the most unusual series of operations in their memory, was successfully concluded when a mass of human hair was removed from the stomach and intestinal tract of an eight-year-old girl, who had suffered from acute stomach trouble several years.

An X-ray photograph showed a dark mass in the stomach. Questioning revealed that the girl had been in the habit of pulling out her hair and swallowing it. One portion removed by the surgeons was more than a foot and a half long. The child is recovering.

BOY COOKED ALIVE IN VAT

Falls Into Boiling Water and Dies From Burns Five Hours After He Is Rescued.

Milford, Del.—Norman Pettyjohn, ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Pettyjohn, was cooked alive when, while playing about a vat of boiling water at the plant of the Ellendale Basket company, he fell in.

He went under twice before his screams brought rescuers. His condition was such that little could be done to relieve his sufferings and he died five hours later. Nurses and surgeons could not even remove his clothing to apply ointments.

Mother Rabbit Kills Large Blacksnake

Colonial Beach, Va.—A rabbit killed a four-foot blacksnake near the home of W. R. Ward of Lyleis, Va. The reptile had just swallowed one of the rabbit's offspring. After kicking the snake into unconsciousness the rabbit finally killed it by gnawing two large pieces out of its head.

SURE ENOUGH.

Jim: Sister says she expects a handsome present from you Christmas.

Cholly: Hand-some? Maybe she means me.



CALL FOR BIDS FOR PRINTING, STATIONERY AND SUPPLIES

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Board of Supervisors of Navajo County, in Holbrook, Arizona, until 2 p. m. Tuesday, January 2nd, 1923, for the furnishing printed blanks, books, stationery, election and registration supplies etc. Specification may be seen at the office of said Board.

All bids must be accompanied by a copy of this advertisement and a certified check for One Hundred Dollars as a guarantee of good faith. The successful bidder will be required to give a good and sufficient bond conditioned upon the faithful performance of the contract.

The Board reserves the right to accept or reject part or all of any bid, or to waive any informalities in any bid.

Bids will be opened at the office of the Board of Supervisors in Holbrook, Navajo County, Arizona, at the above hour and date, and considered.

All bids must be sealed and addressed to the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and marked "Bid for Printing, Stationery and supplies."

M. R. TANNER,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors
fD15 LD29

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of Arizona, in and for the County of Navajo.

In the Matter of the Estate of Jose M. Romero, Deceased.

J. S. Schultz, the administrator of the estate of Jose M. Romero, deceased, having filed his petition herein praying for an order to sell all of the real estate of said decedent or so much thereof as will be necessary for the payment of the debts allowed against the estate and as set out in the said petition, it therefore is ordered by the Judge of the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the Superior Court on Saturday the 6th day of January, 1923, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day in the court room of said Superior Court at the Court House in Holbrook, Navajo County, Arizona, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased at public sale as shall be necessary to pay the debts as allowed by said court against the said estate and that a copy of this order be published at least for four consecutive weeks in the Holbrook News, a newspaper printed and published in said county and state.

Dated this 29th day of November, 1922.
J. E. Crosby,
Judge of the Superior Court
F. Dec. 1 L. D. 22.

RAT FIGHTS FOR CRACKER

Rodent Attacks Little Girl on Street—Pedestrian Grabs It by Tail and Kills It.

New York.—Emboldened by hunger, a huge rat, one of a number seen recently just outside of Bronx park, attacked Helen Miller, four years old, playing with other children and tore away a piece of one stocking before an onlooker clutched the animal by its tail and dashed it to death on the sidewalk.

She dropped a box of crackers she was carrying. Instantly the rat ran toward her from its hiding place at the fence. Her socks had slipped down over her shoe tops and the rat, presumably trying to bite her, sunk its teeth in the sock.

A rat hunt ensued. Half a dozen, all large and vicious, were killed. Keepers in the Bronx zoo said the rats went into the lion and tiger cages in search of scraps of meat.

Lightning Kills Five Cows Attached to One Chain

New York.—Five cows, all attached to the same chain were killed on Frank Ford's farm, a few miles from the village of Unionville, Orange county, by a bolt of lightning. Another bolt ripped off a section of the steeple of Grace church in Port Jervis.

CONVICT FLEES WITH FAMILY

Posse Overtakes Fugitives Floundering in the Mud and Almost Exhausted.

St. Johns, Ariz.—An odd sort of jail break was that of Clarence Sebring from the Apache county jail. He was liberated by outside help. He went at once to a house where his seventeen-year-old wife was lodging with their infant child and took them with him in his flight.

The couple were trailed without difficulty, as they had floundered through mud for about ten miles during a rainy night and morning. They were found about exhausted, less than ten miles from their starting point, though they had traveled much farther, owing to their lack of knowledge of the country. Sebring was shot armed and surrendered gladly. He had been sentenced for the forgery of a \$23 check.